

SAN FRANCISCO
AND THE BAY BRIDGE





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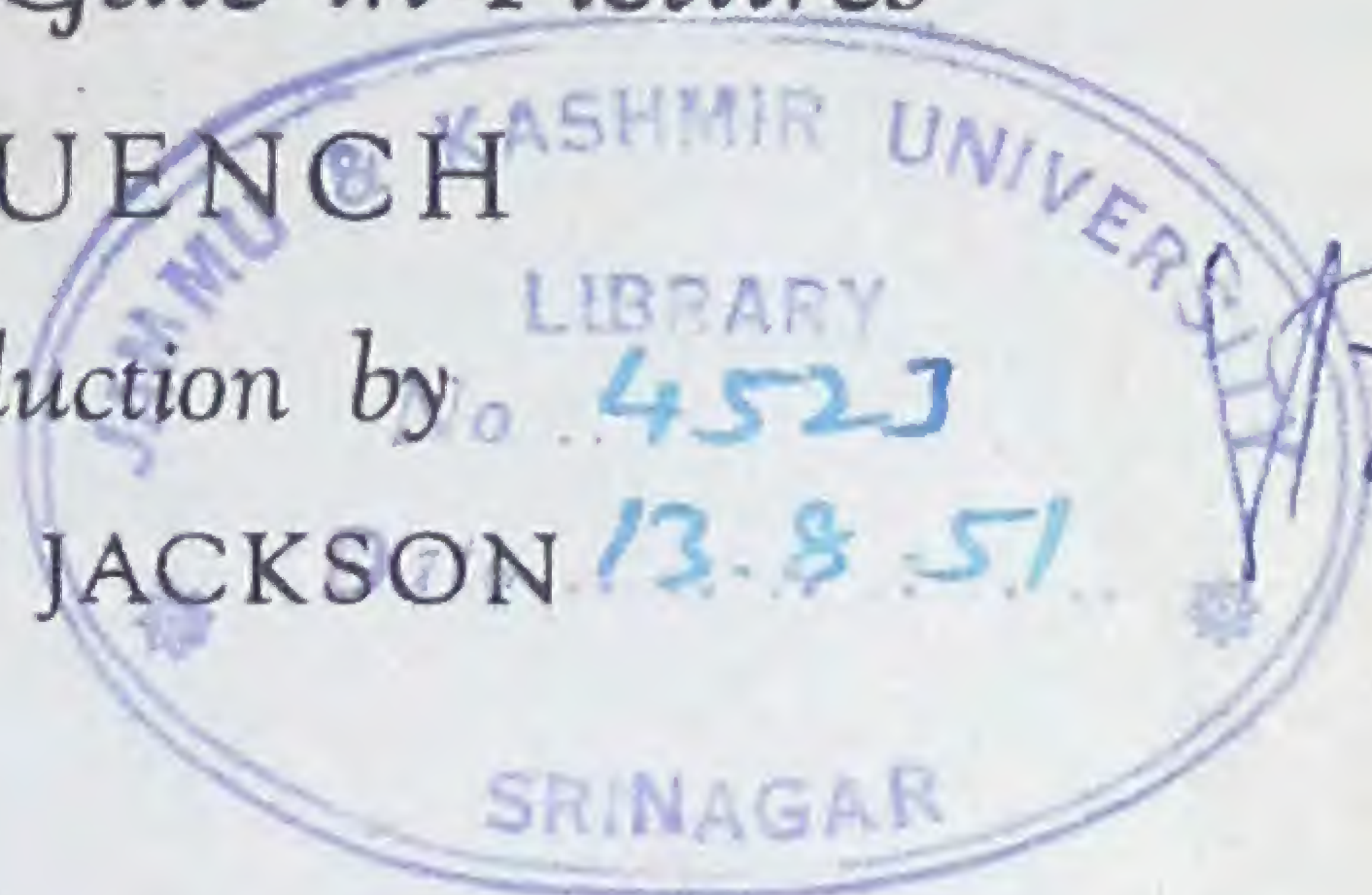
SAN FRANCISCO BAY CITIES

Around the Golden Gate in Pictures

By JOSEF MUENCH

CHECKED

With an Introduction by
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON



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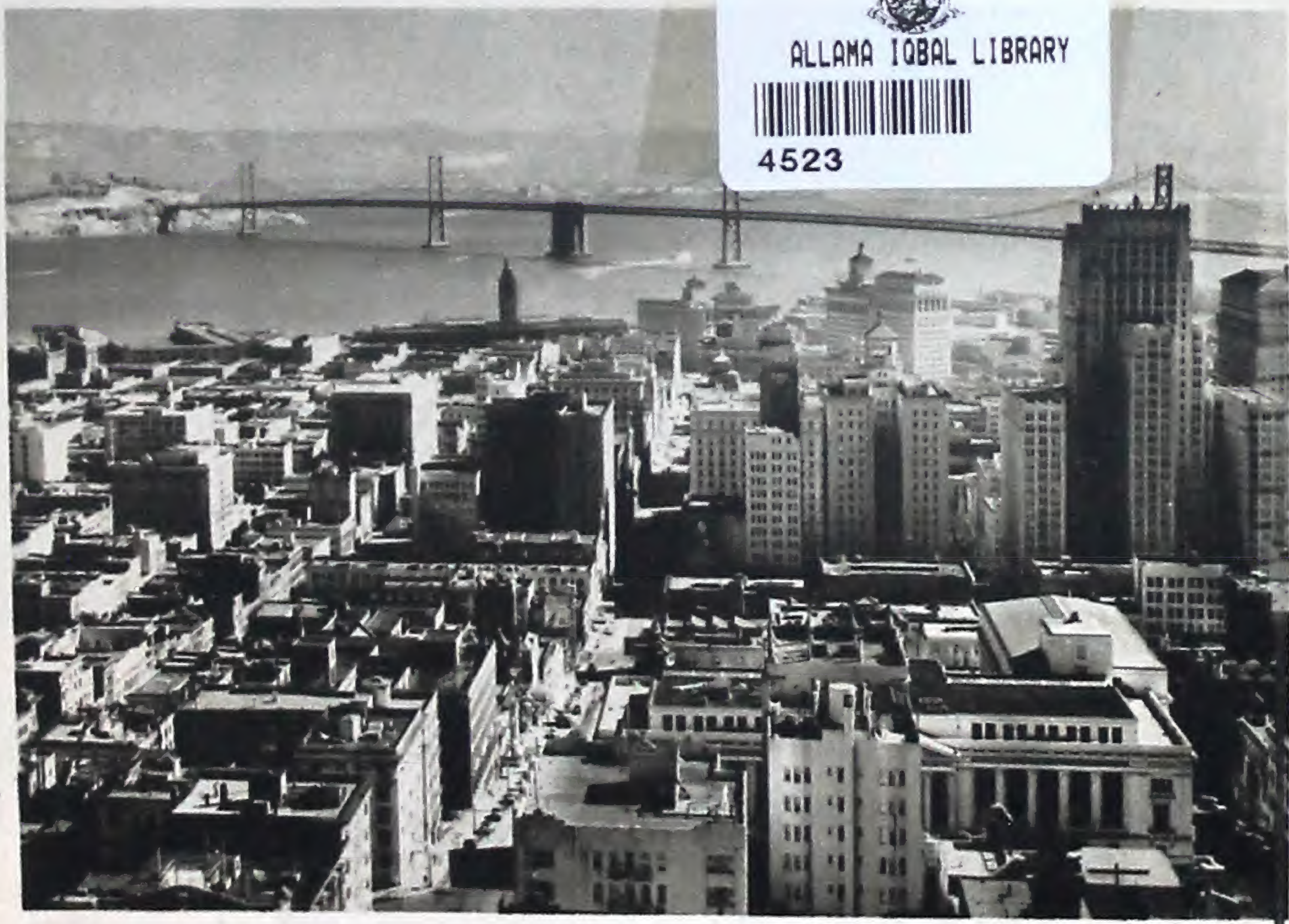
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Nob Hill from Pioneer Park

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View from Telegraph Hill. Looking west from Coit Tower, the city sweeps down and then up again climaxed by the graceful Golden Gate Bridge as it spans the entrance to San Francisco Bay.

Introduction

Looking at the fine photographs which constitute this pictorial record of the San Francisco Bay Region, the least sensitive reader is likely to be struck by the suggestion they convey of repose, of unruffled calm. It is a little as though the whole area had somehow been transported to ancient Greece; some actinic peculiarity of the California light lends each scene an air of special tranquility, classic and sure, under golden Attic sunshine.

There is something in it, of course. The gods have been good to the Californian. It is not too difficult to suppose Pan among the groves of old oak; mistletoe hangs from its golden bough in the West too, and Hymettus is no farther away than the nearest orange grove in blossom. Without much trouble

you might logically build, on the basis of these sunny, quiet photographs, a Californian legend quite as authentic as any immemorial myth. Not too many years ago, in fact, it was the purpose of Chambers of Commerce up and down this State to create just such a myth, and they did it very well indeed. They did it well because these halcyon airs, this atmosphere of peace and poise, have always been a real part of California.

This is not the whole story, however. Particularly it is not the whole story of the region about San Francisco Bay. Most especially it is not the whole story of the extraordinarily vigorous, dynamic regional center that San Francisco has been for its near-century of existence as a city. And of course it is not all of the truth, either, about the sister cities and towns strung along the shores of one of the most magnificent harbors in the world.

The word "dynamic" is well suited to the region in more ways than one.

It was the irresistible folding and compressing of the rock, millions of years ago in the period geologists know as the Mesozoic, that gave the entire West Coast its present structural pattern. It was this Cordilleran Revolution, too, which governed the successive expandings and shrinkings that developed into tremendous earth-faults much later. Along the Californian coast in the Miocene period there were local crumplings and upthrusts, increasing in intensity and reaching their high point (to make another fine long leap in time) in Quaternary and Recent, or Human, times. The trend was toward elevation, but there were some downwarpings, and these let the ocean into such depressions as, for example, Puget Sound farther north. In this period, roughly, one such downthrust drowned the mouth of the Sacramento River and formed San Francisco Bay. In a geological sense the process is still going on, which is by no means to suggest that the Pacific might inundate California's great central valley during any foreseeable tomorrow.

You will perceive that there is nothing pastoral and calm about all this, but rather violence and convulsion, the majesty of primordial forces at their work. Yet there was a pastoral period, brief and in its way golden, in the California of relatively recent years. This was the time of the Spanish occupation, known as the Mission period.

From 1769, when Gaspar de Portolá's land expedition found San Francisco Bay, to the great gold discovery of 1848, most Californians—except the Mission Indians who labored mightily—lived a spacious and easy life. San Francisco itself was no more than a small military outpost and Mission; as late as 1844, when the city was still called Yerba Buena, it contained only a dozen houses and its permanent population did not exceed fifty. There was a pueblo down at San José, a tiny settlement drowsing in the sun. A day's ride

away was Sonoma Mission, last northward link of the far-flung Mission chain. Across the estuary, which no one had yet named the Golden Gate, was San Rafael Arcángel, originally an *asistencia* or branch of San Francisco's Mission Dolores, where ailing neophytes and priests might convalesce in the sunnier climate. On the eastern shores of the Bay spread great ranches, land grants to soldiers and their families, who did little ranching except to allow their cattle to roam the oak-studded hills. It was a simple and pleasant life, in the main, and the Californians enjoyed it, often earning the angry censure of wandering Anglo-Saxons who, in their characteristic way, took a dim view of what looked to them like laziness. Wrote Sir George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company, visiting the Bay in 1841 and properly indignant about a people who did no more than they had to: "The population of California has been drawn from the most indolent variety of an indolent species." And again: "This is California in a nutshell, nature doing everything and man doing nothing!" To Sir George, a Briton brought up to put his faith in the spiritual values of hard work, this strange willingness to take it easy was not just a puzzling phenomenon but something to be actively repudiated. He made his views plain enough, as did many another voyager who wrote in similar terms.

What none of them knew was that this paradisaical way of life was to vanish utterly and very soon. A New Jersey carpenter and handy man, James Wilson Marshall, took care of San Francisco's future when, a hundred and fifty miles away, up in the Sierra foothills, he picked out of the tailrace of a sawmill he was building for Captain John A. Sutter a few flakes of what seemed to be gold. It was gold. The discovery changed the whole Californian way of life with terrifying suddenness. And no part of California was changed more completely nor more swiftly than San Francisco and the surrounding territory.

The story of gold has been told elsewhere and often, and there is no need to go into it here. San Francisco boomed, burned, and boomed again. No matter what happened, the forces of growth were not to be denied. The *Californio*, defeated by circumstance, retired to the valleys, fought a losing battle against the sweeping tide of gold-seekers, was cheated of his land and his money by every sort of jiggery-pokery that the Yankee and the Pike County Missourian had spent a lifetime learning. Where there had been only sand-dunes (and a fearful multiplicity of fleas), a city sprouted in every direction, even into the water where shallows were filled and streets surveyed. (San Francisco's financial district today borders the one-time shoreline of the Bay.) Men came from everywhere and went away marveling at the potency and drive of the new young city, at the spirit of fulfillment that would not take

"No" for an answer to anything. The end of the gold-rush decade saw a new source of riches pouring wealth down from the mountains to the city—the great silver mines of Nevada's Comstock Lode. And in spite of the Civil War, the boom went on. In another short ten years the transcontinental railroad was completed. On the edge of the Great Salt Lake in Utah a golden spike was driven with due ceremony, and San Francisco and its Bay were at last linked with the East; cannon were fired and the people danced in the streets, exuberant at the thought that their city was now really a part of the United States to which it had been officially but loosely attached for twenty years. Indolence? The golden calm of Grecian sunlight? Not by a good deal. San Francisco had found itself. And a good many men thought it had barely started on its way.

They were right, too. San Francisco drew breath briefly, consolidated its gains and was off again. The bonanza kings followed the railroad kings and the great bankers were close on their heels. Literature flourished under Bret Harte in the editorial chair of the *Overland Monthly*, and Sam Clemens wrote about his travels in Europe while Harte himself created a world that never was in his nostalgic tales of the gold-rush days. Mansions rose on Nob Hill; downtown the city blossomed with handsome theaters, restaurants, and business blocks in the fashion of the time. Ralston built the magnificent Palace Hotel, and suave Manager Leland—nicknamed by Ambrose Bierce "Blandlord"—made it famous throughout the world. Across the Bay in Berkeley a college sprang up; in a few years it grew into a university with the impetus given it by the great teacher, Daniel Coit Gilman, who was later to create Johns Hopkins University out of whole cloth. Not much later Senator Stanford's money, made from the railroad that had helped to build San Francisco, endowed another famous university down on the peninsula that is one side of the Bay. Oakland had long been a quiet residential town; now it began to grow into an important industrial city. A harbor unequalled anywhere, San Francisco Bay had attracted world shipping from the beginning; increasingly it became the center for a network of trade with Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, and the Orient. As had happened before in the city's history, there was a tragic fire, this one caused by an earthquake of an intensity theretofore unknown in the region. It made little difference. Drawing new vigor from the new century, San Francisco rebuilt better than before. What had been set in motion by the gold rush had not run down. It has nowhere run down yet. The force, the dynamism, are still operating at speed. World War II simply kicked the throttle open another notch. San Francisco and the Bay Region are humming today as perhaps they have not hummed since the breathtaking



View from Twin Peaks. The shadowy canyon of Market Street runs down to the bay where the slim tower of the Ferry Building ends it with an exclamation point.

Seventies. As for tomorrow, conservative men, no mystics but hardheaded estimators who know potential when they see it, talk in terms closer to epic poetry than to sober reporting when they try to describe the city and the region their sons and grandsons will see.


Yet—well, there is still the thing you sense when you look through the pictures in this book. The San Francisco Bay Region, like a well-adjusted human being, seems to find time to get things done and to relax as well. San Franciscans work, create, build, yet find time to cherish their past which is still so near; they like to remember the romance of early days, to smile, rather than grow irritable, at the quirks and crotchets of their city and its citizens. In spite of the occasional exception, the spirit of tolerance is still the rule

throughout the Bay Region. There is little hating, amateur or professional, hereabouts; there has never been room for hate in San Francisco.

And it is these qualities—of taking things in stride, of refusing to be stampeded, of smiling at folly rather than nursing wrath, of being willing to remember that people are human and therefore no more perfect than their fellows—that mark the San Francisco of today as of yesterday. Come to think of it, these are the very qualities that have misled people so often, from Sir George Simpson on. Bret Harte, an impatient man as well as a man of great talent, was misled in this way when he called San Francisco "serene, indifferent of Fate." Serene, to be sure, but not indifferent, unless Harte really meant the kind of indifference natural to a city and a region that have accomplished much and know themselves to be headed for far greater accomplishment.

Perhaps, then, San Francisco and the region tributary to it, warmed by the special electricity of the California sun but cooled, too, by the blanketing fogs that are its pride (no matter how citizens may pretend to complain) may properly enough suggest the gentle serenity of an older, legendary world. For though the potential is here, the power and energy and drive of a city that is strong and young, San Franciscans have never been inclined to shout it to the world too loudly. They are sure of themselves and their region as the citizens of an ancient country in its own Golden Age were sure of themselves and what they had built and would build. This, I have no doubt, is why these pictures, assembled with no thought of particular interpretation but only simple reflection, suggest strongly the serenity that is so completely a part of San Francisco, its Bay, and its region.

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

A black and white photograph of a stone monument. The monument is a tall, rectangular pillar with a decorative top section featuring a sculpture of a ship with three sails. The ship is positioned as if sailing on waves. The monument is surrounded by dense foliage and trees. The text on the monument is carved into the stone.

TO REMEMBER
ROBERT LOVIS
STEVENSON.

TO BE HONEST TO BE
KIND - TO EARN A LIT-
TLE TO SPEND A LIT-
TLE LESS - TO MAKE
Vpon THE WHOLE A
FAMILY HAPPIER FOR
HIS PRESENCE - TO RE-
NOVNCE WHEN THAT
SHALL BE NECESSARY
AND NOT BE EMBIT-
TERED - TO KEEP A FEW
FRIENDS BVT THESE
WITHOVT CAPITVLAT-
ION - ABOVE ALL ON
THE SAME GRIM CON-
DITION TO KEEP FRIE-
NDS WITH HIMSELF
HERE IS A TASK FOR
ALL THAT A MAN HAS
OF FORTITVDE AND
DELICACY



The Palace of Fine Arts with its domed rotunda is all that remains of the \$50,000,000 Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915.



TO COMMEMORATE THE
VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT
OF SAN FRANCISCO
1849 - 1866

ERECTED 1933
BY BEQUEST OF
LILLIE HITCHCOCK COIT



On Telegraph Hill is Coit Memorial Tower, named for Lillie Hitchcock Coit, lifelong friend of San Francisco's firefighters. Its murals are a landmark in government-subsidized art.



The contemporary scene in California city and factory decorates the lobby.





Beloved symbol of the "City" is the Ferry Building at the foot of Market Street. Before the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge was in use, as many as 50,000,000 persons a year passed through its long halls. The clock tower was modeled after the Giralda Tower of the Cathedral of Seville. On the second floor is a relief map 600 feet long and 18 feet wide on a scale of 6 inches to the mile. It shows the whole state of California with a cyclorama of the Sierra Nevada in the background.



Market Street sweeps from the Ferry Building through tunnels of buildings to the tips of Twin Peaks. Its spacious width (125 feet) boasts four streetcar tracks.



Mayor "Jimmie" Rolph entertained the great of the world in the rotunda of the City Hall at its dedication on December 28, 1915.



From the deck of the Golden Gate Bridge, the skyline of San Francisco spreads out beneath the clouds. In the distance, at the left, the towers of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge are glimpsed. This is the city that "never was a village" but sprang into life overnight with the goldrush of 1848.



Trees in St. Mary's Square in Chinatown frame the beauty of the Russ Building.



Russian Hill, long the haunt of artists of the city, is now built up with large apartment dwellings.



Done by the first sculptor whose fame was known beyond the state, this vigorous group of figures at Front and Market Streets continue their work as the world passes by.



Whatever the vantage point, San Francisco's skyline is interesting and her parks offer foregrounds such as this one in Dolores Park.



The granite in St. Mary's Church in Chinatown was brought from China for its erection in 1853. For more than a decade the Paulist Fathers have issued food and lodging tickets each night to the long line of migrants who wait at the side entrance.



Where East and West meet. The modern Russ Building expresses the Occidental in San Francisco and the Chinese Pagoda roof at the right is the Oriental touch cherished by the city in its Chinatown.



Sun Yat-Sen: "Father of the Chinese Republic and First President . . . Champion of Democracy . . . Proponent of Peace and Friendship Among Nations."



Lining Grant Avenue are the small Chinese stores that delight the tourist as well as the seasoned San Franciscan with their colorful imported wares.



Chinatown is gradually changing as did the old Barbary Coast district.





Oldest surviving residence in San Francisco is the William Penn Humphries House on Chestnut and Hyde Streets. Built in 1852, the heavy white oak timbers were brought around the Horn. The broad verandas resemble the decks, and the third story, the captain's bridge of a ship.



The Chinese Telephone Exchange at 743 Washington Street is the only exchange of its kind outside of China. The pagoda-like green-fronted, one-story building is tucked in between taller structures.



Rows of brightly painted boats of the crab-fishing fleet ride at anchor in the inner harbor of the famous Fisherman's Wharf. From November through August they go out while the city sleeps, to return in mid-afternoon with the day's catch.



From that day in 1775 when the little ship *San Carlos* first sailed into the bay, San Francisco has grown into a mighty world port through a colorful and everchanging parade of clipper ships, side-wheelers, schooners, barques, whaling ships, square-riggers, fast freight steamers, ferryboats, warships, and the modern ultimate in airplanes.



Piers stretch out into the bay and warehouses are stacked neatly in the foreground. From the base of Coit Tower on Telegraph Hill ships are seen coming and going, the hanging cables of the San Francisco Bridge swing to Yerba Buena Island and a long shoreline of the East Bay is seen in the distance.



Navy ships lie quietly at anchor along the slips and the larger "Men-O'-War" anchor farther out in the great San Francisco Bay.



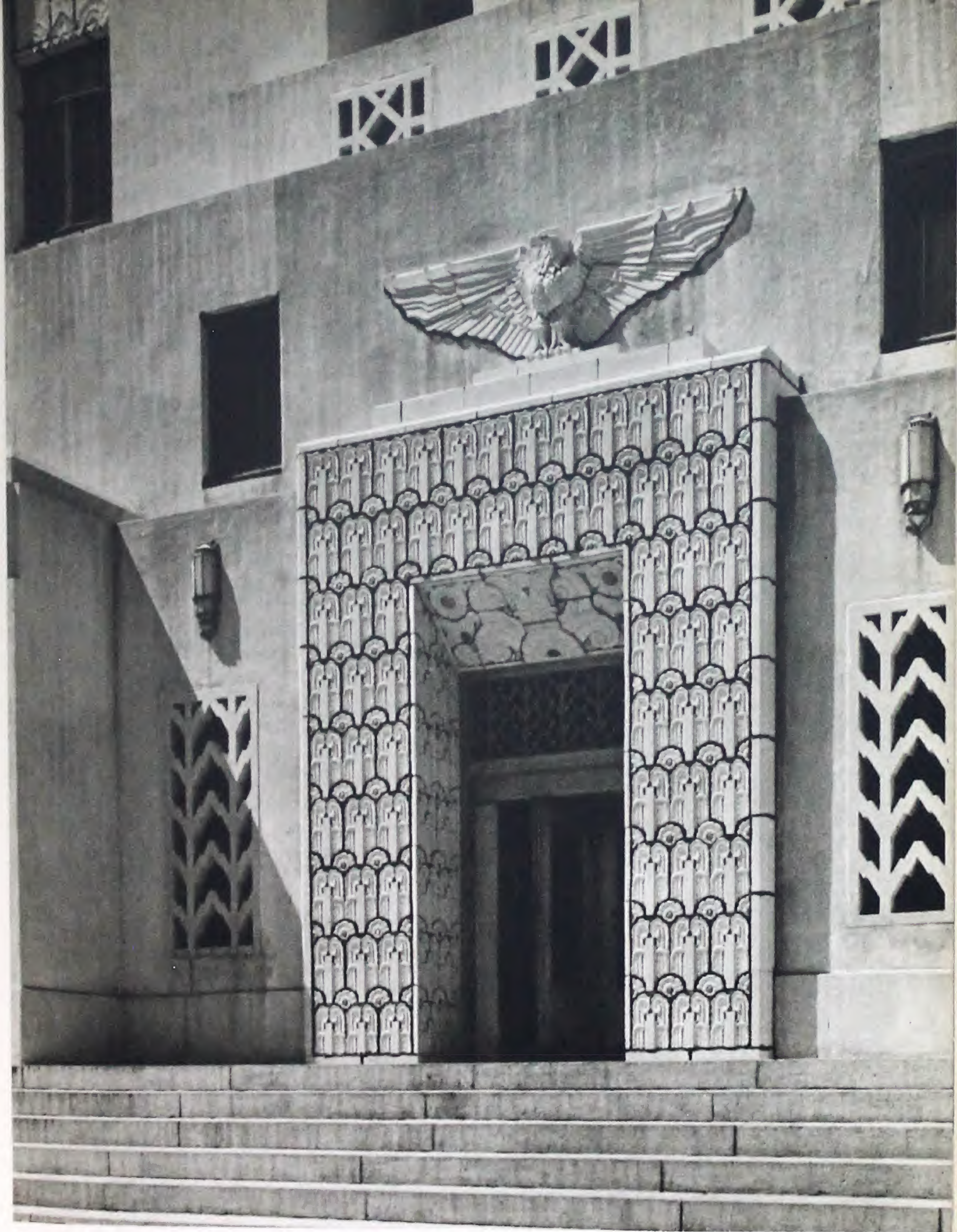
Still brave against the sky stands the rigging over the black hull of the *Pacific Queen*, relic of the Alaskan Packing days, when sails were used.



A far cry from the early, overloaded *California*, that brought its first load of passengers in 1849, is the luxurious liner fleet that now transports them into the Bay.



One of eighty-one such institutions in the country, the United States Veterans' Administration Facility serves all veterans' hospitals west of the Mississippi River.



Pyramidal motifs of Mayan Temple architecture are combined with the modern in the decorative entrance.



Father Junipero Serra stands in contemplation in the garden of the Mission Dolores.



The venerable Mission Dolores was founded by Father Francisco Palou in 1776, just five days before the signing of the Declaration of Independence.



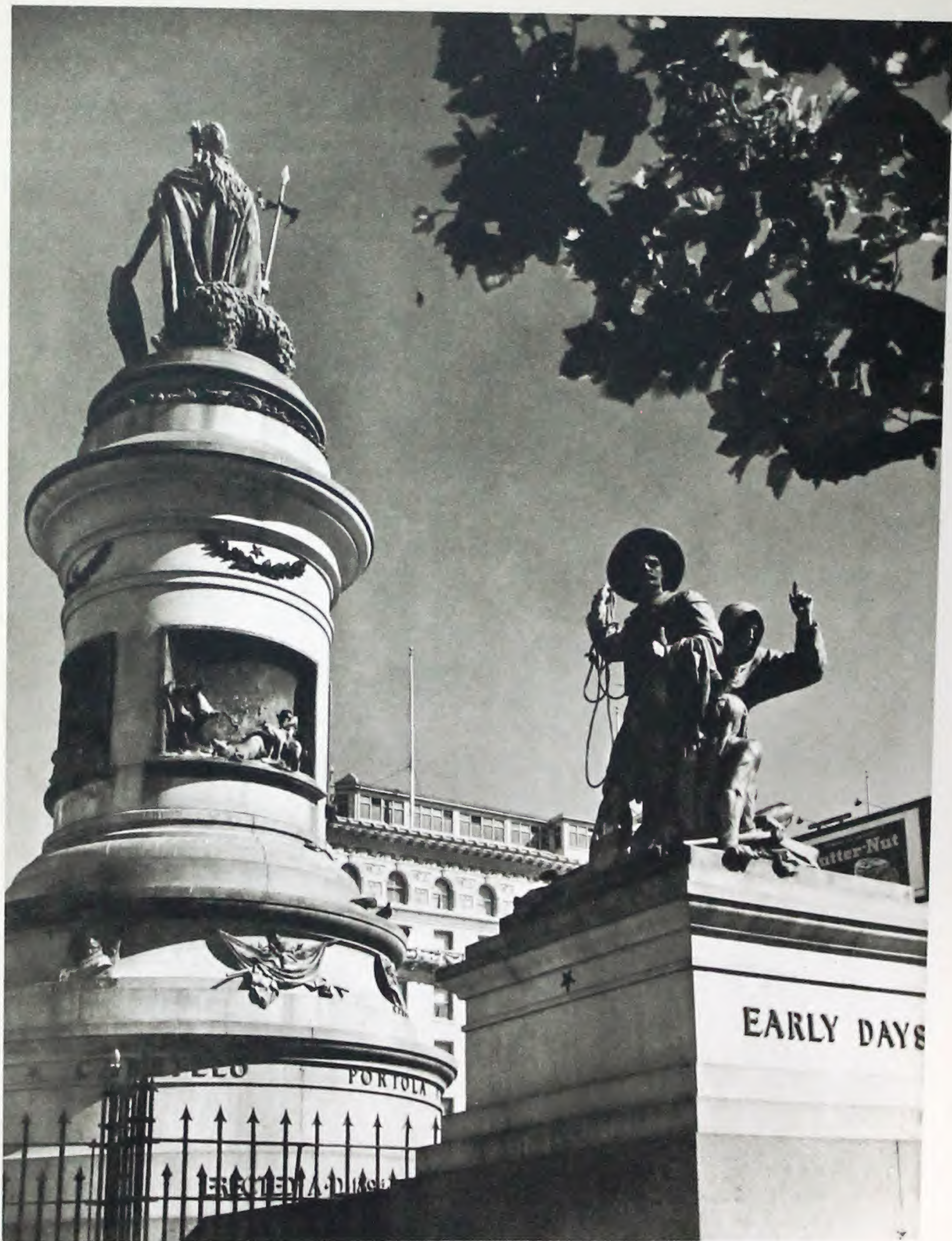
The hand-carved main and side altars were brought from Mexico.



Here in the quiet garden were buried a polyglot cross section of the world—some of the first San Franciscans.



Of German Gothic design is St. Mary's Cathedral of the Assumption, seat of the Roman Catholic Archbishopric of Northern California.



Near the Civic Center is the imposing Pioneer Monument (Frank Happersberger, sculptor) with California, her spear, shield, and bear.



Erected in 1932 to honor the city's war dead, the War Memorial Opera House will go down in history as the birthplace of the United Nations organization, following the Second World War.



San Francisco's title the "Wall Street of the West" is borne out in its architectural canyon walls, as one looks up Montgomery Street, as well as by its reputation in financial circles.



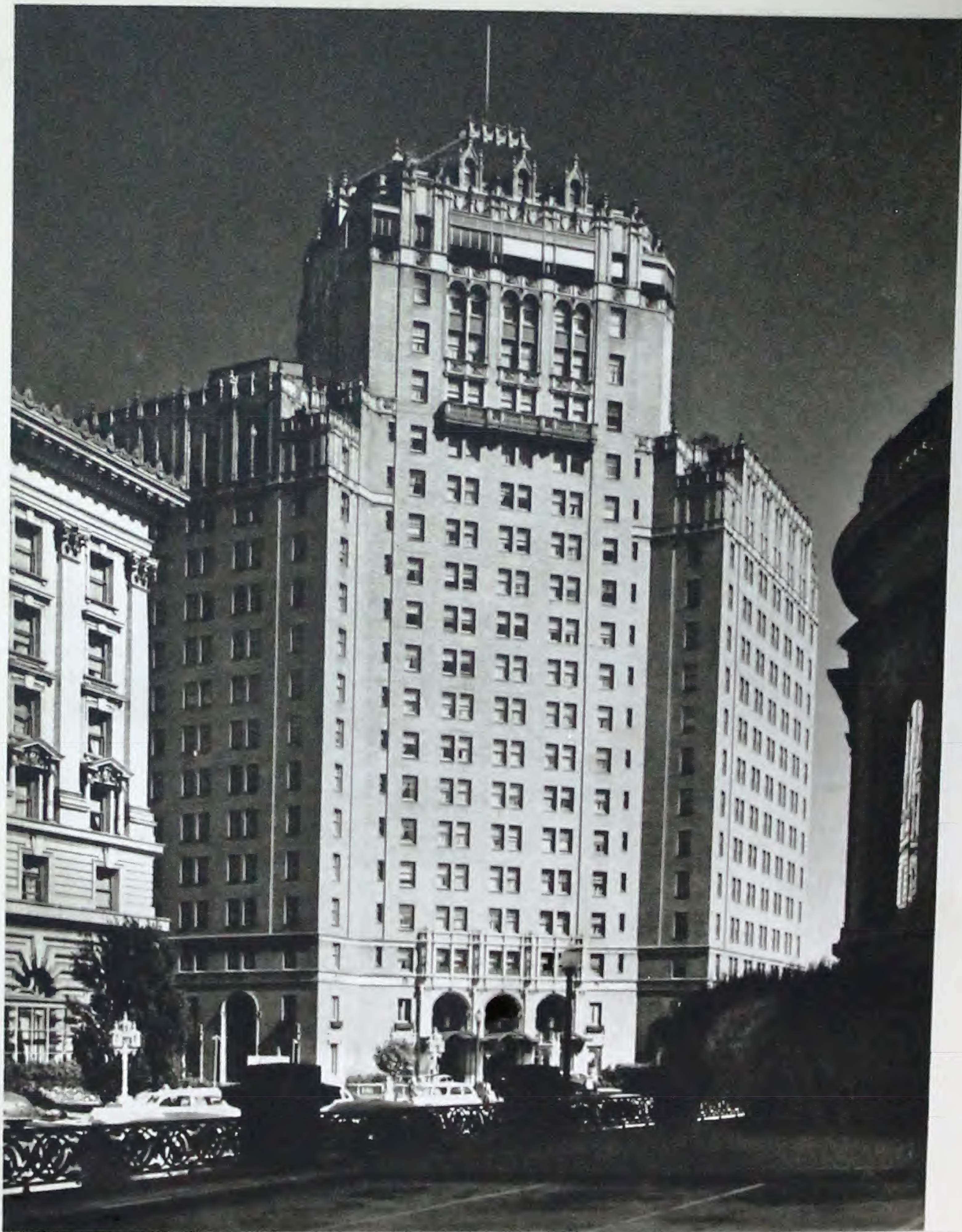
Early morning finds San Francisco's streets quiet enough to let the tall buildings fill the deep canyons with their own echoes.



As yet unfinished, the Grace Cathedral cornerstone was laid more than thirty years ago. First thought of when the Right Reverend William Ingraham Kip, first Episcopal Bishop of California placed his Episcopal chair in Grace Church in 1850, its spire with an illuminated cross will some day rise 230 feet above the hilltop.



The St. Francis Hotel overlooks Union Square with its figure of Victory, commemorating the "Victory of the American Navy under Commodore George Dewey at Manila Bay." Under the square is a large public auto-parking station.



Visitors to the "Top O' the Mark" in the Mark Hopkins Hotel have perhaps the most spectacular of all views of the San Francisco area. *At right, above*, Russian Hill, with Golden Gate Bridge in background. *Below*, San Francisco Bay Bridge strides from Yerba Buena Island to the heart of the business section.





At the eastern tip of the breakwater is the Miniature Lighthouse once publicized by "Believe it or Not Ripley" as the only municipally owned lighthouse in the world chartered by a national government.



Regattas bring out many of the craft of varying sizes that berth in the Yacht Harbor, their sails and bright hulls adding colorful accents to the blue of water and sky.



Under the single span of the Golden Gate Bridge (largest of its kind in the world) the tallest of ships can sail through the channel into San Francisco Bay. Its orange-leaded towers rise 746 feet above high tide and the center span 220 feet above low water.



The deck measures 8,940 feet with great cables swung between the towers, tying San Francisco to the North Bay Shore and opening the delightful Marin County for residents.

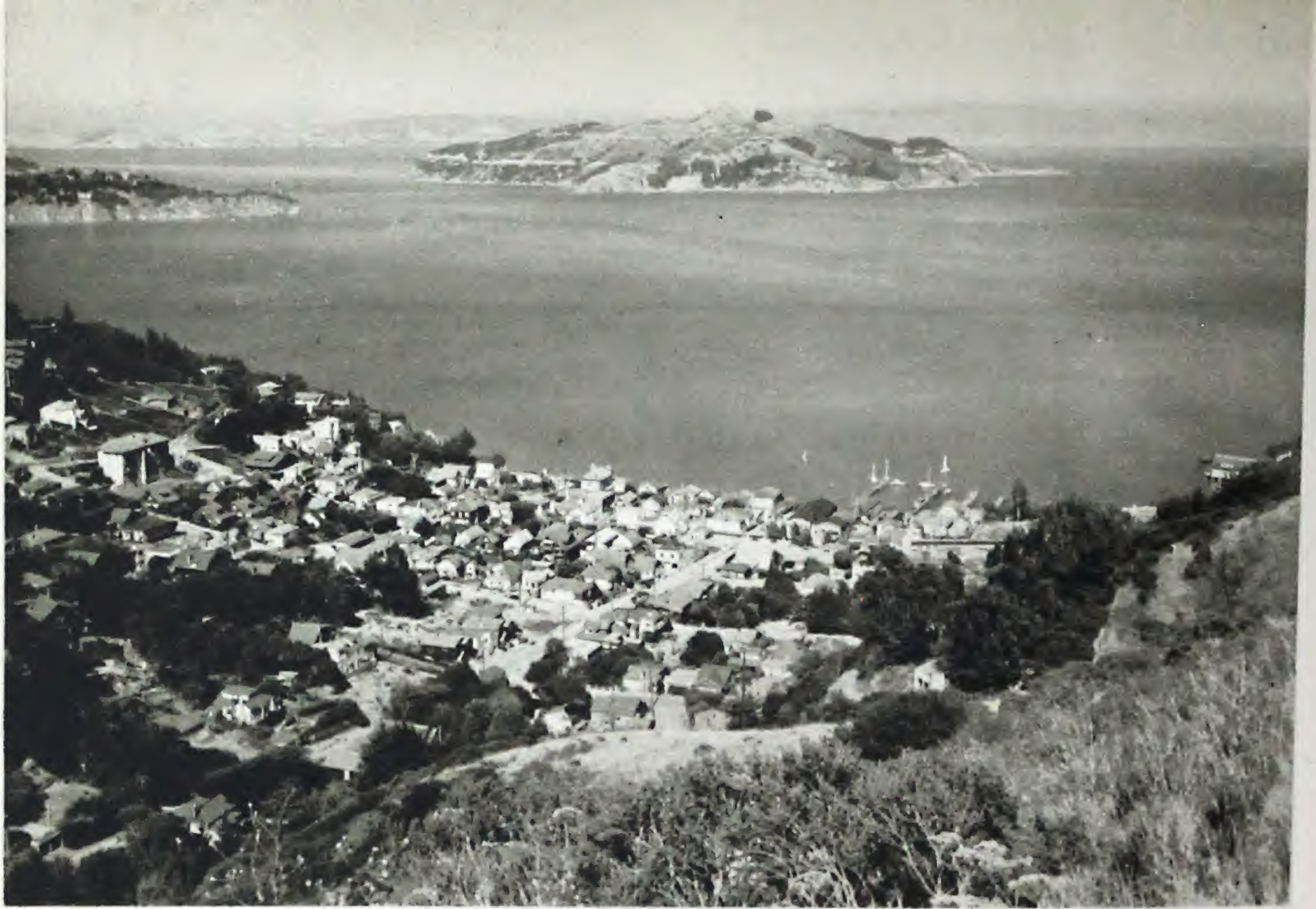


Summer homes along Marina Boulevard have a front-row view of the trim sailing and motor boats that ride in the San Francisco Yacht Harbor.





The North Bay shore sinks into misty distance past the Golden Gate—a rugged and uncompromising shoreline that long daunted the early ships.



Sausalito looks down from her hills on a busy Yacht Harbor with Angel Island out beyond.



MUIR WOODS.





Through the portals of Sather Gate pass thousands of students to the Berkeley Campus of the University of California.



Wheeler Hall and the Sather Gate entrance.





The clock on the Oakland City Hall overlooks a continually growing industrial metropolis.



Lake Merritt's salty waters provide recreational boating and along the shores are glimpses reminiscent of Italy.



Children love the great white swans, their long necks reflected on the still surface.



Stately apartment buildings blend with the lakeshore scenery.



Reputed to be the largest salt-water lake within a city's limits, Lake Merritt adds much to the beauty of this bay city. Behind it the hills lie carpeted in green and dotted with homes.



Best known women's college west of the Mississippi, Mills College has been located in the wooded San Leandro Hills since 1865. Typical of the older residential buildings is Mills Hall.



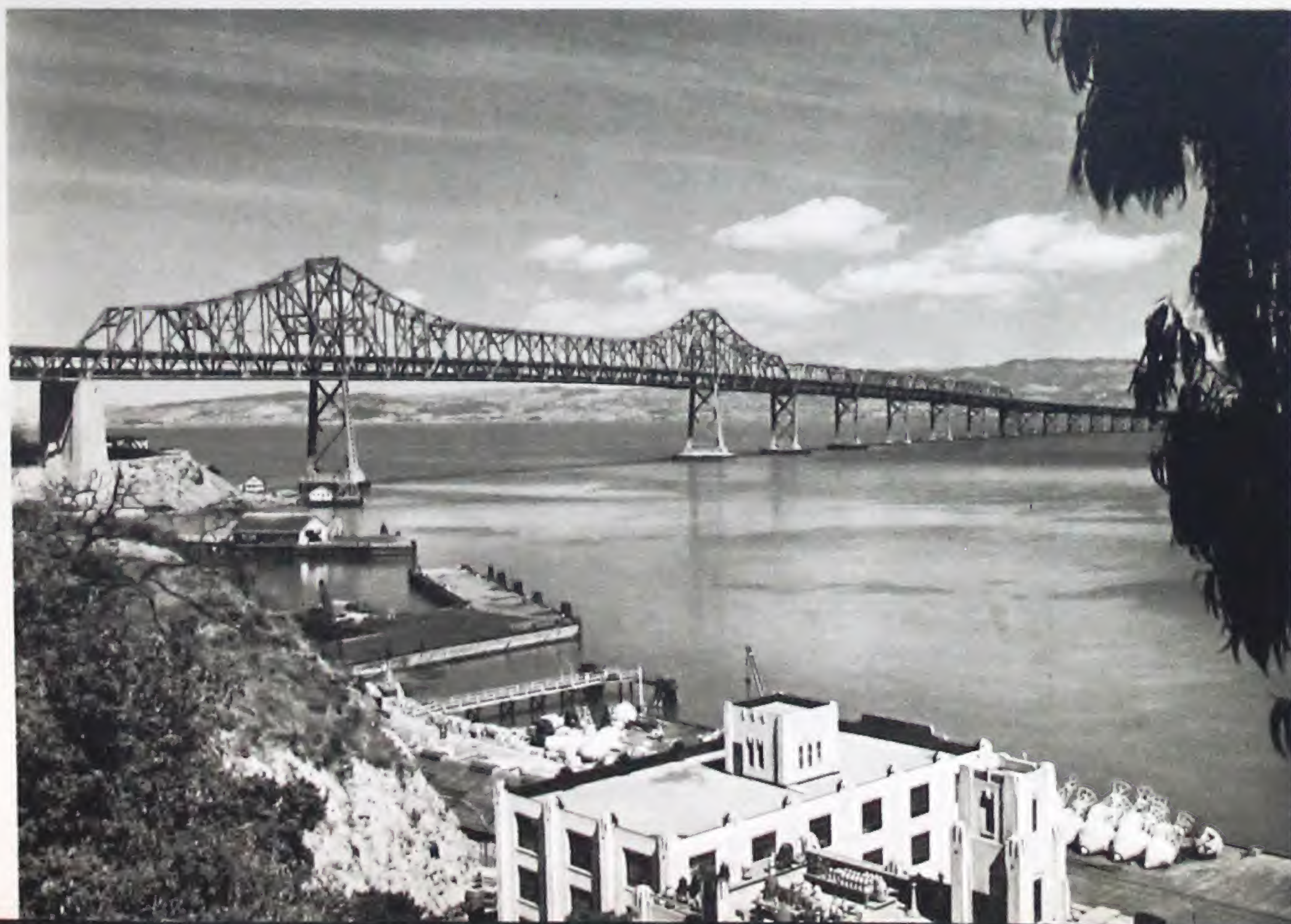
Trains once ran down to the dock where now a "South Pacific" Planters Dock provides quaint atmosphere for the visitor.



San Francisco spreads out over her hills like a patterned shawl before the visitor who crosses on the six-lane auto-deck of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge.



The San Francisco (above) and Oakland (below) sections of the bridge are each complete in its own right.





The Fairmont Hotel, massive and elegantly furnished, is a world-famous landmark.



The old Firehouse No. 15 stands at 2150 California Street. Three "fire hydrants" topped by a Fireman's cap make it a joy to antiquarians.



Quaint cable-cars mount the hills and are moved on turntables at the end of the run.





Popular demand has kept the open-air Flower Marts at numerous busy corners.



San Francisco's older architecture still lingers among the newer structures, gracious and well-kept.



Rows of "Carpenter's Gothic" still reach out for the sun in bay windows well above the street level.



Auguste Rodin's *The Thinker* sits in the court of the Palace of The Legion of Honor.



Dominating the Civic Center is the gold-embellished dome of the City Hall. Pigeons add interest to the brick walls of the Plaza in front of the French Renaissance style structure.



The Rodin group *The Shades*, near the Palace of the Legion of Honor, memorializes Raphael Weill, pioneer merchant and philanthropist.



Among the many creeds that have built stately churches in San Francisco are the Lutherans who erected the Saint Paulus Church on Eddy and Gough streets.



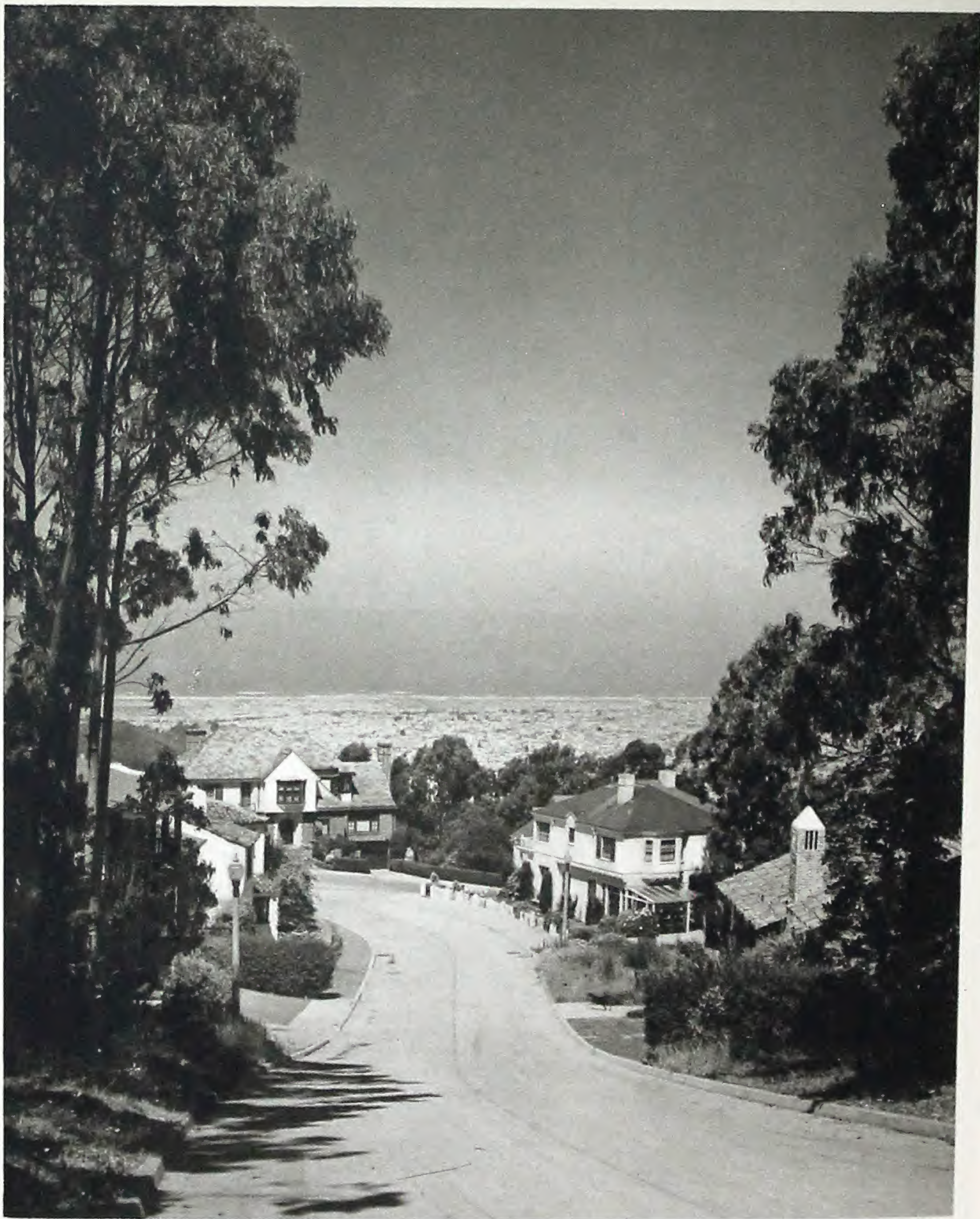
In the Italian district on Filbert Street is the Catholic Church of Saints Peter and Paul.



Terra-cotta Corinthian columns of the Palace of Fine Arts follow the curve of a lagoon where, as in the days of the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915, fountains play near the great rotunda.

The architect, Bernard Maybeck, is said to have been inspired by Brocklin's painting *The Island of the Dead* when he designed the still beautiful palace.





Robin Hood Drive is in the Sherwood Forest district of the City.



Artists' homes at the foot of the Coit Tower and homes on Seacliff Drive.





Of sixteenth century Spanish Renaissance design, with two wings extending from either side of a 134 foot tower, is the M. H. De Young Memorial Museum.



The two-story *ro-mon* (gate) that is the entrance to the Japanese Tea Garden is carved of hinoki wood, like those used in Japan before temple entrances.



More than a million items make up the collection in the M. H. DeYoung Memorial Museum in the Golden Gate Park.



An oriental garden delights visitors in Golden Gate Park's Japanese Tea Garden.



Spring comes in a flood of glory when the rhododendrons are in bloom in the park.



Plant lovers flock to the conservatory and enjoy the flowers throughout Golden Gate Park.





The North Windmill is an authentic copy of a Dutch windmill.



Visits can be arranged to the Mile Rock Lighthouse where the adventurous may be hoisted to the seventy-eight foot white cylindrical tower above the Golden Gate.



Ocean breezes cool the eighteen-hole Lincoln Park Municipal Golf Course.



Wide beaches spread from the sea wall along the city's outer shoreline.



The seals that live on the Seal Rocks offshore from Cliff House are legal residents of the city and wards of the Park Commission since 1887.



El Cid rides his bronze horse along the rim of the Golden Gate.



Over the ships that rest between journeys in their berths, the span of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge holds aloft stout cables that sustain the deck.



The Jewish Temple Emanu-el is startlingly white among its residential neighbors.

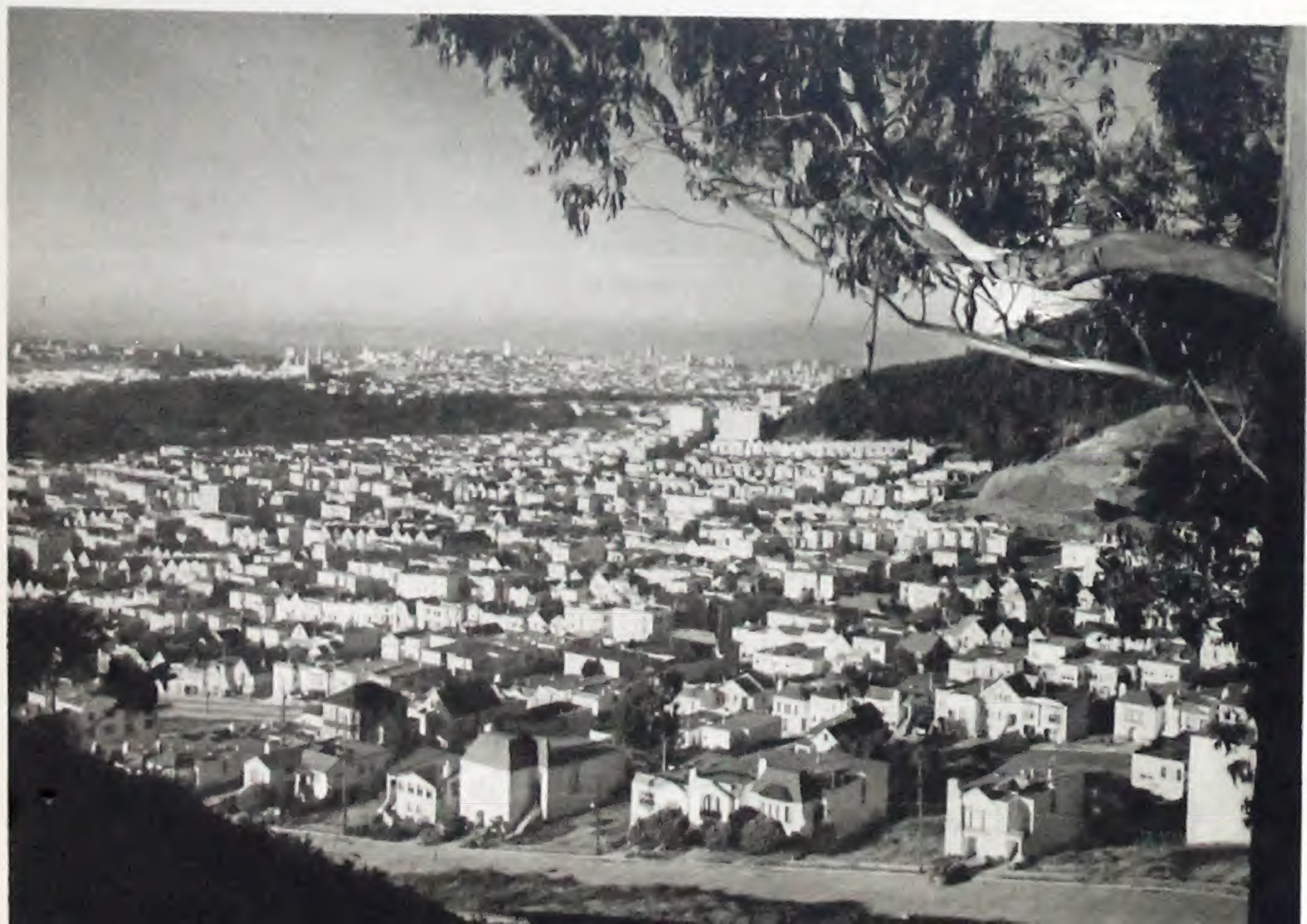
Saint Francis Wood





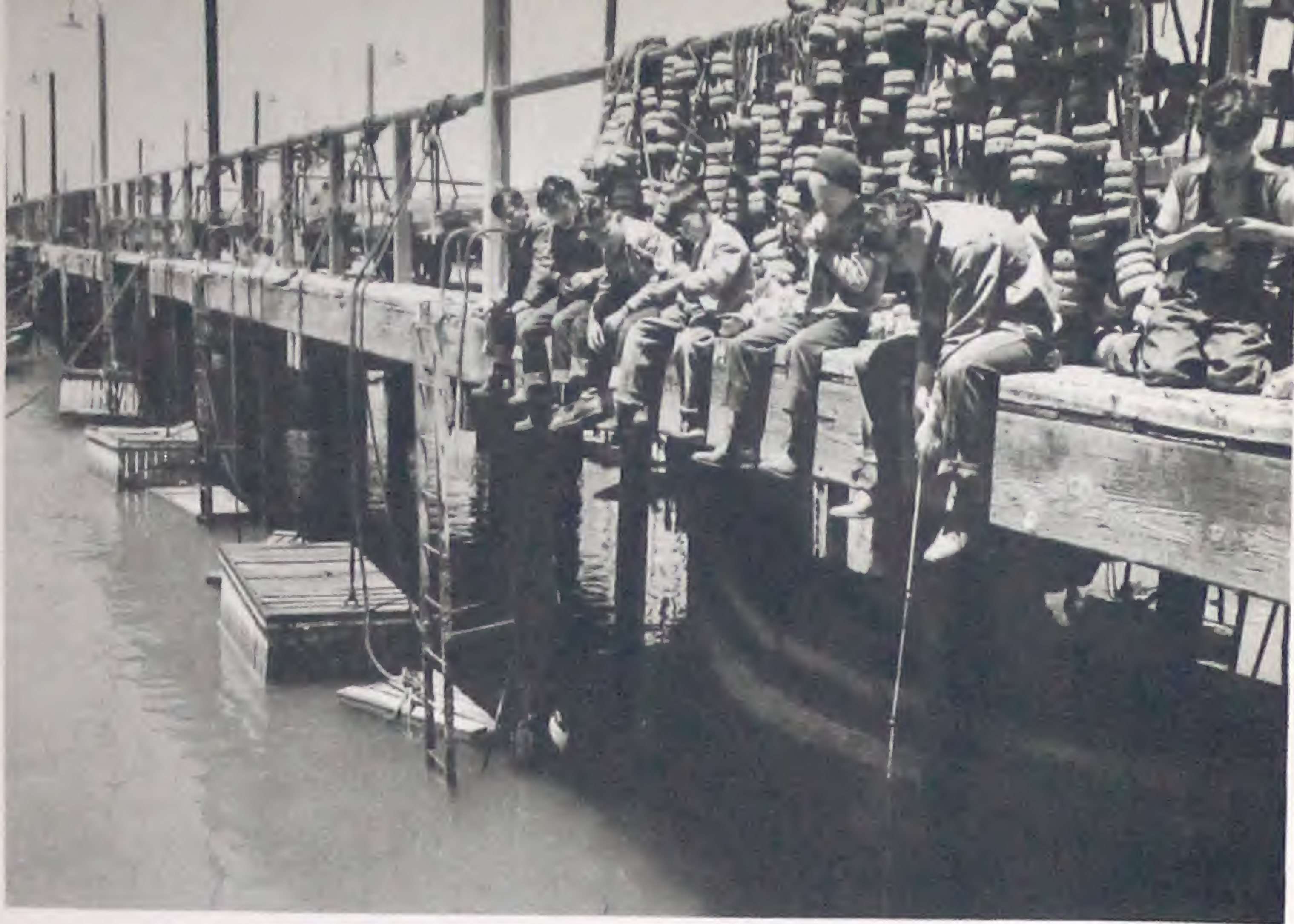
Continuous architecture.

Sunset District.





Almost encircled as the city is by water, boats seem a part of its varied life.



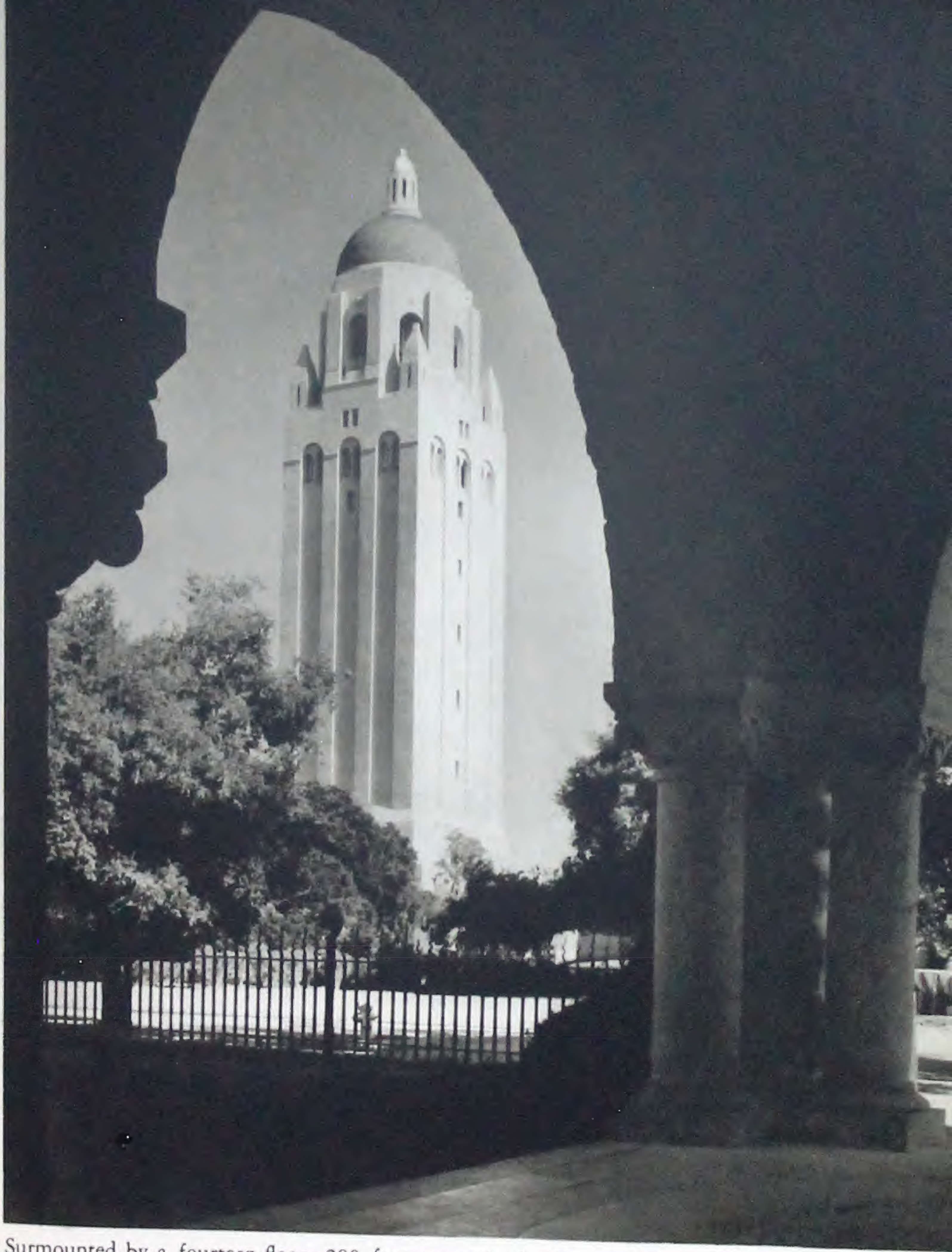
A congregation of children of the world pursuing a sport all boys love.

Annually the small fishing boats take to the land for repairs and repainting.





The mosaics on the Stanford Memorial Church on the campus of the Stanford University were made in Venice and depict the Sermon on the Mount.



Surmounted by a fourteen-floor, 280 foot tower is the Hoover Library for War, Peace and Revolution on the Stanford University campus at Palo Alto.



U. S. Highway 101 is bordered by tall eucalyptus trees, set out in the Seventies and Eighties. They used to extend for twenty miles down the Peninsula.



Attractive homes grace the hills of the Peninsula where many San Franciscans live.



Swirling the waters behind it, the ferryboat *Berkeley* bustles out of her slip from San Francisco.



The last glimpse of the city should be from the water while her fairy towers slowly recede into the distance.



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JAMMU & KASHMIR

BERKELEY AND THE BAY



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